

authority, which counted against him, had been his imprisonment of John Ball. He had exerted his power against that disturber of society only in a half-hearted manner, but it had been better for him that day if he had burned John Wycliffe alive; for Ball had created the spirit of the rebellion, and an insult to the preacher was an insult to the thousands who hung on his lips. Everything we know of Sudbury's life is to his credit as a kind and good man, and in his last hour he showed a fearless dignity, which rivals Becket's determination to be struck down at his post. He won less respect from the Church than his manner of life and death deserved, for he had shown himself cool in defending overgrown ecclesiastical privilege, and had neglected or refused to persecute heretics. If he had lived, the gentle Sudbury would have had the will, though not the strength, to keep the Church off the fatal course of pride and persecution into which she was hurrying.

After these horrors the Tower was no fit place for the royal residence. The King's mother had been treated with insolence and vulgarity by the mob that burst into her apartments, but had been suffered to escape by boat. She was rowed up the river to Barnard Castle ward, where she landed and took up her residence at the Garde Robe, in Carter Lane, near St. Paul's. Here she was joined by her son on his return from Mile End.<sup>1</sup> The rest of the day was a busy one. The manumissions and pardons were being copied out, and distributed to the rebels with advice to return home as fast as possible. The bulk of the insurgents left London with the charters in their hands, on Friday evening and Saturday morning, but to the horror of the authorities a large body remained. Meanwhile murder went on faster than ever. The apprentices and men of London were engaged in slaughtering the Flemings, who lived in a quarter of their own by the river-side, and were, like most foreigners who had settled down in England for purposes of trade and industry, hateful to the native born. Men from the Kentish villages joined their city friends in the work, and the cries of slayers and slain went on long after sunset, making night hideous. Before <sup>1</sup> Froiss., h. 471; Stubbs, ii. 480, note 4 : *Feed.*, iv. 12B,